VOLUME XV.

WILD OATS.

Sown in the spring time of the fairest lives, To fall, perchance, on fallow land or wold. The frustful seed, no culture needs, and the fruitful seed, no culture needs, and thrives, And gives to him who sows an hundred

All other grains, when sown, require our care;
This only needs the sowing, and no more;
And whether winds be warm or foul or fair,
The harvest surely will increase the store.

The law is fixed, we must reap what we sow, And each must gather what himself hath sown.

Accursed seed! and since the fall of man its baneful fruit has poisoned countless years; in sow it recklessly, and know we can But garner it with bitter, scalding tears. -Watter Cooper, in N. Y. Ledger.

A STRAWBERRY FARM.

A Description of the Largest One in the World.

Where Mirth and Industry Go Hand is Hand and There Is No Discrimination Between Male and Female Labor.

you have been to Florida or somewhere slong the southern Atlantic coast, and when you get as far up as Norfolk, Va., you can not only see a great number of strawberry farms, but one of 440 acres. which is the largest of its kind in the off the delicions odor comes wafted, and a little closer-mind, this is strawberry time-the glow, the picturesqueness, the work and fun are unsurpassed. For nearly all the pickers are negroes, and the negro laughs, sings, shouts and dances at his work. It is a fine, clear May day—for the Norfolk strawberries are in their prime about the first week in May—and half a mile from the strawberry fields one can hear the shrill laughter, the wild cries of the laborers, the hoarse shouts of the overseers, the sounds of music and dancing, as, when a strapping young fellow or a comely dusky maiden have got a good handful of parti-colored tickets, they are pretty sure to make a dash for the rude dancsure to make a dash for the rude dancing pavilion and engage in a lively
breakdown. Coming out of the skirt of
brushwood into the field the scene unfolds itself. The hot May sunshine
pours down upon hundreds of men,
women and children, nearly all black.
The field is divided into long rows and
what appears to be bedden is soon The neid is divided into long rows and what appears to be bedlam is soon found to be really a wonderful system of order. Every thing goes by the watch of the strawberry farmer, who knows to a minute when the gang-plank will be hauled in of the big New York steamer, puffing and steaming in her dock up the river, her dark hull outlined clearly against the wharves and lined clearly against the wharves and shipping of Norfolk—who calculates to a second how long it will take the stalwart oarsman to pull the heavy lighters, laden with strawberry crates high

above their heads, upstream to the steamer. He knows too, that the instant it is flashed over the wires that the New Jersey berries have touched a certain figure he can not ship another strawberry time brings a great influx of had at last been discovered, was one gh he may have thousands of them filled with the luscious fruit. So, from the day he begins to ship until the New Jersey berries come in he has every energy under whip and spur to get the berries on the New York steamer. The negro is not like any other laborer on earth. He will not work unless he is amused. As in the old slavery days when harvest time came the master are put in crates ready to be moved on the Mississippi instead of crossing over ters furnished ice and whisky and had a banjo in the field, and the head man in the long row with swinging scythes was seen is busy, but when the last half-creates a fire baseless come in they big lighters or flat-bottomed boats and discovering Arkansas and the ague that lie in the river. All day long the scene is busy, but when the last half-creates satisfied.—Texas Siftings. the long row with swinging scythes was ordered to sing his reaping song londly. ordered to sing his reaping song loudly, that the others might join in as the glittering blades moved down the wheat, so the strawberry farmer of today has to keep his hands amused or they will not work. He must allow the rough pavilion to be put up like distant thunder. Probably several loads have already been lightered down, Sam Jubilee bring their rusty old fiddles and their bones and banjos on the shaky bench for the musicians; he must let a one. The capacity of the immense booth be erected where lemonade and candy and tobacco can be bought for strawberry tickets; he must allow aventrable darky with a push-cart to shout energetically the beauty and lusciousness of his wares as he trundles his cart around the edge of the field. The merry, brown-faced laborers look ragged and poor, albeit their pockets are stuffed with tickets—the currency of the strawberry field—but the pickers always wear their old clothes in strawberry time. They have flashy silk frocks and glossy broadeloth at home, but down on their warned off the field until the last load is being headed for town. The owner, on play the flate. I had heard that there was a famous teacher of the flute residuence ver they can find a lodging-place. Samson is fairly boiling over by five would not consent to my purpose, and so I ran away. I reached Augusta with the dollars in my pocket. At a little town in South Carolina my money was picking for dear life. Even the musical archive the distribution of the field until the last load is being headed for town. The owner, on play the flate. I had heard that there was a famous teacher of the flute residuence ver they can find a lodging-place. Samson is fairly boiling over by five was a famous teacher of the flute residuence ver they can find a lodging-place. Samson is fairly boiling over by five was famous teacher of the flute residuence ver they can find a lodging-place. Samson is fairly boiling over by five was a famous teacher of the flute residuence ver they can find a lodging-place. Samson is fairly boiling over by five was a famous teacher of the flute residuence ver the ship, wherever they can find a lodging-place. Samson is fairly boiling over by five was a famous teacher of the flute residuence ver the ship, wherever they can find a lodging-place. Samson is fairly boiling over by five was a famous teacher of the flute residuence ver they can find a lodging-place. Samson is fairly boiling over by five was a famous teacher of the flute residuence ver they can find a lodging-place. S booth be erected where lemonade and steamers seems limitless, as, although knees or string squat on the ground is being headed for town. The owner, on would be death to those sacred garbents. The men and some of the women ments. The men and some of the women the women the antedituvian slat sundences and hurrying things up. The overseers are flying hither reality, there was but one. I used my and thither, and no longer make given, or Christian names, Richardson no means superseded, for the colored belle is always careful of her complexion. Each has a tray holding six quart-baskets. When this tray is filled up it is then taken to the paying booth, where the paymaster, with quart-boxes full of red and green tickets, receives the baskets and checks them off. Thus, no distinction is made between male and female labor, and the one that picks the most strawberries makes the highest wages. It is the rule on the large farms not to cash any tickets until after the rush of the strawberry season is over, but the ticket is a legal tender for any thing in and about the strawberry farms.

At last a long blast from the steamer's whistle is heard—that means perhaps that they have a half hour only to get the crates on stance, I announced a piano solo by Mr. Richardson, a violin solo by Mr. Bichardson, a violin s the colored belle is always careful of her

The laborers are divided into gangs, over each of which is placed an over-seer, colored, like the pickers thempickers themometimes these are surly and disagreeable. But the African being

Jane shows all her teeth at this, and, with a coquettish toss of her head, "reckons" she won't be turned out of church this year for not paying her dues. Next to the lively Belinda Jane a great hulkto the lively Belinda Jane a great hulk-ing fellow is sprawled all over the plants, while he slowly picks half a dozen ber-ries at a time. The overseer bawls out: "Git up dar, you lazy black nigger. Yo' legs' too long and yo' feet's too broad fur dis heah strawberry field. You'se mashin' a peck fur every quart you picks. Yander is de fiddlers scrapin. Dat foot kin dance quicket'n dat han' picks. Yander is de fiddlers scrapin'. Dat foot kin dance quicker'n dat han'

The owner of the foot bestirs himself, has not been affronted by being if he has not been affronted by being called a nigger—a term of reproach common among the negroes, but strictly interdicted among the best classes of white people at the South, where the word is never heard. A bright-eyed youngster, with no clothes on to speak of, comes next under the over-ser's

"What you doin' on dis heah field, Did you ever see a strawberry farm?

Not a strawberry bed nor a strawberry patch, but a farm of three or four hundred acres, on which nothing is cultitivated but strawberries. Not unless wid you ter make you mind yo' busi-

Thus adjured, the youngster slyly opens a ragged pocket and shows a bundle of strawberry tickets, and, sticking his tongue out saucily, returns leis-urely to his work. Presently, in the midst of his exhortation, he comes upon world, as Norfolk is the greatest straw-berry shipping place in the world. Afar out and a perfect hurricane of profanity rages. An elderly sister, who is the president of the Daughters of Rebekah or the Order of the Galilean Fisherman, ionstrates earnestly.

"Bro' Samson, how kin you talk so, 'you a professin' Chrischun?'
'Sis' 'Lisbeth, I ain't professin' nothin' in strawberry time. I'se a back-slider from de day I see de fust strawberry crate. Now, step 'long lively an' lemme see you clean up arter dem good-for-nothin' black niggers."

Sampson stops every one, and taking a basket at random, empties it into another basket. This is to see if any are picking green or decayed berries. If they are all-right the pickers march off to the paying booth, where the busy tally-keeper checks them off. If not, a volley ensues from Sampson, interspersed with numerous charges of being a "black nigger," which is allterspersed with numerous charges of being a "black nigger," which is always sullenly resented. If the berries are not up to the standard they are ruthlessly poured out on the ground, and if one or two of these corrections are not enough the worthless picker is driven out of the field. Meanwhile those that have gone off to the paying booth are making various dispositions of their tickets. Some go for pies for the paying booth are making various dispositions for the rickets. Some go for pies for the paying booth are making various dispositions. booth are making various dispositions of their tickets. Some go for pies, for beer—although the negro is not much of a beer drinker—and, if the picker is young and light of heel, with no fear of the "church," to the dancing payllion. Old time lies and backlayers. pavilion. Old time jigs and backdowns but the steps of acquaintanceship are easy and progressive. A couple paired in the dance are sometimes paired for

time. Already the roar and rumble of the trucks on the wharves can be heard

and when the bell rings the gang plank must be pulled in, although it may break the captain's heart to leave so much valuable freight behind, but railmatter how long he might wait the string of boats would only become longer. At last, however, the whistle is heard, and, almost as the plank is hauled in, a few more crates are

sisters in the gospel, a negro that isn't a zealous church member being an ancmaly), "you'se a makin dem berries fly into de basket. Keep dat up and you'll hab to hire a kyart to haul yo' tickets home."

Mary Jane or Eliza Jane or Belinda

Mary Jane or Eliza Jane or Belinda

The slower freight steamer, which is somewhat risky. Nevertheless it is somewhat risky. Ne crops, as with such vast quantities as they raise they must allow a large margin for loss. It is necessary to the health of the plants, though, that every berry shall be picked off of them, so after shipping has ceased and the strawberries keep blushing out among the leaves a second picking takes place, out of which the owner makes nothing, as the strawberries are freely given to the pickers for the labor of getting them out of the way. But some of the same supervision exists lest the plants be trampled to death by careless feet, and some sort of tally is kept crops, as with such vast quantities as less feet, and some sort of tally is kept to see what the actual bearing qualities of each variety is. This is the strawberry time for Norfolk, for as long as the berries command a high price in New York and Northern cities they are not sold cheap in Norfolk. But when the second picking comes—a week or two after stripping has ceased—then a begger might live on strawberries. Five cents a quart is a high price when they are cried about the streets—and often the very best can be had for two cents a the very best can be had for two cents a quart at one's door, which is the usual price for picking. As a quart, however, can be picked easily without moving from one spot in those luxuriant fields, two cents is a very good price for such unskilled agricultural labor, fifty quarts a day not being an unusual time. As the negre company works

DeSOTO'S DISCOVERY.

ing time. - Chicago News.

figure. As the negro commonly works only that he may enjoy a spell of idle-ness, it naturally follows after straw-

ness, it naturally follows after straw-berry times, when they are all in funds, that labor is hard to get. The laborers can make enough in the three or four weeks to keep them in a delicious and coveted idleness for as many more. Every employer around about holds his employes by a spider's web in the pick-ing time. Chicago News.

A Spaniard Who Had the Good Sense

When a gentleman by the name of DeSoto, a Spaniard, obtained the consent of his Government to go into the Just then a half dozen pickers come out into the narrow path, with their trays balanced on their heads. Bro' Sampson stops every one, and taking a starting for America with a great blow

when De Soto was forty-one years old, that he finally stumbled on the Mississippi river. He didn't shout "Eureka!" because that word had not then been incorporated in the slang phrases of the day

His march back to the sea coast, erates a bringing the joyful intelligence that the of the greatest river in the world, after cludes from as far as North Carolina, | continued ovation, the people of Mont-

gomery, Ala., going so far as to get up a barbecue. There is a disposition in some quarlife. When the engagement is an end of the engagement is an e

A MINISTER'S STORY.

Experience of a Clergyman Who Ra Away from Home in His Youth. "When I was verging on manhood," said a distinguished divine, some time ago, "I ran away from home. I was, as I am now, a passionate lover of music. I desired above all things to learn to The overseers are flying hither and thither, and no loager make jokes or bandy witticisms with the pickers. At last a long blast from the steamer's whistle is heard—that means perhaps that they ken. ered, received my father's forgiveness and learned to play the flute."—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

disagreeable. But the African being naturally a good tempered creature, they are oftener very jolly fellows. Nothing is more anusing than one darky's assumption of authority over another darky. If a picker is alert and spry, and particularly if she belongs to the gentler sex, the overseer is patronizing. If a picker is patronizing to the gentler sex, the overseer is patronizing to the gentler sex, the overseer is patronized to the first passenger of the might want the goods without ever receiving an order for them. One of these liberty-taking drummers shipped a firm in Atlanta ten boxes of tobacco a few days ago, and wrote the firm that he took this liberty. The merchant wrote to the drummer that he took the iderty of loaying the tobacco at the station, subject to his ing'y encouraging. crates on board the fast passenger tobacco at the station, subject to his "Ah, sisters" (all are brethren and steamer must now take their chances on order.—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.

BRAZILIAN GIRLS.

YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

The Coloriess Life Led by Dom Pedro's

A girl is nover permitted to go out, not even to church, unless chaperoned by one of the family, or some other lady, generally of mature age. Nothing could be more color less than the life of a young Brazilian woman; she has no taste what ever for realing, her education is of the most meager description, it not being considered worth while to educate girls. The necessity for educating boys is understood by parents, and those who are able do so, both girl, want need has she for an education? They would laugh at for an education? They would laugh at such high-flown ideas, should any one suggest that their daughters be given the benefits of an education as a re-source at hand for their own enjoyment, or that they might be intelligent com-panions, capable of stimulating the in-tellects of their children, and husbands,

A very large majority of the Brazilian girls could not tell who is the Emperor of Germany, or that President Gartield and the Czar of Russia were assas-sinated; the Soudan or General Gordon are riddles to their minds. They are are ridues to their minds. They are even ignorant of some of the most important historical facts relading to their own land, and of a thousand and one other topics that the women of America and other countries are generally conversant with. They embroider, crochet and study music, but usually lack the patience and application pressure. the patience and application necessary to excel in the latter. If they want a drink of water, or their shoes changed, they call a slave to do it. Many can sew and do their own dressmaking, be-ing very convenient with the needle, their natural antipathy to work being overcome by their love of dress. Their conversation is utterly frivolous, and when with familiars they talk very loud, and in the most animated manner, gesticulating and beating the air with their hands and arms, all talking at once, with seldom any thing worth say-

ing.
If the Brazilian girl does not marry at the age she ought to be playing with her dolls, she frequently continues to play with her dolls until she does not pay with net dois until she does not marry. The writer remembers seeing a young woman apparently about eighteen years of age, in a street car, in the city of Bahia, with a doll in her lap, which she cared for and handled the same as a girl would do, and it is no unusual thing for young married women to own and play with these and similar fixtures of the nursery. One young woman named Marie, had five or six dolls, upon whose garments she spent much of her time. When she married she insisted upon taking them to her new home, but when this home became invaded by less tractable babies, she was finally obliged to bury her inanimate, quondam friends, with all their finery, in a trunk, probably to be resur-rected by other little Maries, when they will aga'n be nursed and made confi-dants of.—Brooklyn Magazine.

A LAND OF LIARS.

How the Persians of To-day Evade All Truthful Statements.

After speaking of their parental and filial affection, their respect for the aged and their politeness and hospitality, a writer on Persia winds up apropos of the people of the country with the following phrase: "But as a race they are very untruthful and procrastinating." About these two traits of the Persian character I'd like to say a word. You've often heard of the champion liar, and many people in the United States even at this present day pretend to believe that the book agent, the lightning-rod man and Eli Perkins are the three great hars of the world. But these hars of the world. But these people don't know the Persians. With our liars at home mendacity is an acquired science and has taken years and years and much hard study to develop, and even then they often—at least occasionally—speak the truth. With them artistic lying is an effort. It takes thought and pains to produce it to perfection. Not so with the Persian. The modern Farsee is a natural liar. It goes against his grain, against all he holds most sa-cred in this queer world, to speak the truth. It is born with him, this inveterate love of prevarication, and it is bred in the bone for generations and generations.

student of human nature is liable to feel n such cases, how astonished the Farsee is when he has caught h mself unawares telling the truth. He then is out of his role, and feels so abashed and ashamed of himself that he looks sheepish and guilty; much as American might after getting off an awful fib. Even with such a people, however, when the noble art of romaneing is carried to such per-fection, moments will arise when it is desirable to know and hear the truth And for such occasions the stock of Per-sian adjuration, oaths, curses and apsian adjuration oaths, curses and appeals seems almost inexhaustible. One of the funniest is Rishe mera Kuffun Kerdi! (Literally, May you put my beard in the winding sheet.) I do not know where they get their lying propensities from, these Persians; but that they are the most invidious, insidious, unconscionable story-tellers in the world there is no doubt. It is true that every there is no doubt. It is true that every race which has suffered for many centuries from oppression and has been trampled under the foot of despotic rulers of foreign blood has become steeped in insincerity, and that Punic faith has taken with them the place of the genuine article. The people of Per-sia have been so down trodden, misruled and frightened out of their wits for a thousand years past that that fact may explain all I don't know. I leave that for somebody else to find out.—*Teheran* Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

-"Are you enjoying your dinner?" asked Bobby of the minister, who was taking a Sunday dinner with the family. "Yes, Bobby," responded the minister, pleasantly. "Mamma said this ister, pleasantly. "Mamma said this morning that she thought you would, as she didn't suppose that with your small salary and big family you got much to eat from one week's end to another."-Exchange.

PITH AND POINT.

-If the safety of the great Brooklyn ructure were questioned, 45,000,000 structure were questioned, 45,000,000 persons would praise the bridge which carried them safely over.—Brooklyn

-When a coll of lead pipe in fronto a hardware store begins to wiggle and stick out its forked tongue a Dakota man knows it is time to swear off.— Estelline Bell.

-"The barbers in some cities are striking for a rest on Sunday." don't they let their customers do all the talking one day in the week. - Norristown Herald.

-Fashionable mother-"You must never use the word 'tony,' Clara. It is only used by common people." Clara—"What word shall I use mamma?"

"Is he a man of much calibre?" said a Connecticut avenue girl to a Duponi Circle belle about a certain gay and giddy Congressman. "O, yes," was the confident reply, "he is the greatest bore I ever saw."—Washington Critic. -A minister has been lecturing re-

cently on "Suicide: Its Causes and Cure." We believe he is right, but still it is a pretty impossible task to cure a man of suicide. Nearly all the cases thus far reported have proved fatal.-Bur

—Little Tony, aged eight, asks his little playmate:—"How old are you, Lucille?" "Tm six, Tony." "Oho! six years, indeed! Are you quite sure? You women are always making yourselves out to be younger than you are."

N. V. Tribuns. -N. Y. Tribune

-Our little Johnny, who has just attained his fifth year, listened attentively to a lady visitor who gave an account of the late appearance of her wisdom tooth, and then astonished her by asking: "Do foolish persons also get wisdom teeth?"—Babyhood.

-The reason the man who minds the other man's business doesn't get rich is because the other man whose business he minds generally isn't grateful enough to be reciprocal and mind the busines of the man who minds his business See? - Somerville Journal.

-Husband (mildly)-You must re-member, my dear, that the most patient person that ever lived was a man. Wife (impatiently)—Oh, don't talk to me about the patience of Job! Think of Mrs. Job! The patience that poor woman must have had to put up with such a man!- Toledo Blade

-The oldest newspaper man in New York has been on duty continuously, on the same paper, for thirty-five years, and is called the "dean of the press." We have been on duty running a paper for thirty-five weeks, and have only earned the title of "dutn Southerner." -Martha's Vineyard Herald.

—First newspaper humorist (at dinner party)—I flatter myself that is not a bad story. Second newspaper humorist (without smiling)—Yes, it will do. F. N. H.—Then why don't you laugh? That is a nice way to treat a friend's joke. S. N. H. (laughing)—O, I didn't know this was a social matter. I thought you wanted my professional opinion. Pray pardon me.—Puck.

ODD ADDRESSES.

Passed Through English Post-Offices Many oddly-addressed letters daily pass through the post-offices. Several of the rhyming kind are somewhat remarkable for the poetical skill displayed by the writers.

A clever example is given in the following, addressed to Sir Walter Scott

fame
Is spread about our earth, like light and air,
A local habitation for his name. Charles Dibden, the naval-song writer, sent a letter to Mr. Hay bearing the following address:

Postman, take this sheet away, And carry it to Mr. Hay; And whether you ride mare or Stop at the Theater, Boilon; If in what county you inquire, Merely mention Laucashire.

A letter addressed as follows mailed in the provinces, and was duly delivered in London:

Where London's column pointing to skies, kies, Like a tali bulle, lifts its head and lies, There dwells a cit-zen of sober fame, A plain, good man, and Balaam is bis name

The letter was delivered without delay to Mr. Batlaam, a fishmonger near th Monument.

Turning from poetry to prose, we find the following vague direction: Mr. —, Traveling Band, one of the Four playing in the street, Persha [Per-shore, Worcestershire, Please find him if possible. Another envelope bore the follow-

This is for the young girl that wears spe tacles, who minds two bables, sheriff street, off Prince Edwar street, Liverpool.

Mr. J. Wilson Hyde, in his book, "The Royal Mail," says that two letters di-rected as follows were duly delivered: "To my sister Jean, Up the Canongate, Down a Close, Edinburgh. She has a The other was addressed:

"My dear Ant Sue as lives in the Cottage by the Wood near the New Forest. "In the latter case," says Mr. Hyde, "the letter had to feel its way about for a day or two, but 'Ant Sue' was found living in a cottage near Lyndhurst."-Home

"If I pick out some wall paper right sway, can you send a man to my house to hang it this forenoon?" she asked in a paper store three or four days ago, "Yes'm."

"Very well; you may show me some samples. She sat in a chair before the sample

rack until a quarter of twelve, and then went to dinner. She was back at one and remained until almost five, when she finally heaved a long sigh and said to the patient clerk:

"Dear me, but it's such a task and so late in the season that I guess I won't get any at all. Much obliged, and I'll probably buy of you next spring.—De trait Free Press.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

DOLLIE'S SAD FATE.

I had long golden tresses, and trim limit dresses,
And eyes that were brilliant and blue;
I had neat little feet, and a flyure complete;
But my charms now, alsa, sire but few.
I've been knocked, I've been battered, my
nose has been shattered;
My smile has been turned to a leer;
I've often been sat on, I've tempted the cat on
To carry me off by the ear!

The moments I treasure, when beaming with pleasure,
My mistress turns kindly to me,
And, so great her bliss is, I'm covered with

kisses, She hugs me and chatters with giee. But when she's curaged, she's offtimes en-In boxing my ears in her freak;
My face, once so bloomy, is now pale and gloomy; She's knocked all the pink off my cheek.

Apart from this chiding, she's always con-fiding Her joys and her sorrows to me; She brings brother Bennie and sweet cousin

cae crings brother Bennie and sweet cousin
Jennie
Her dear little Dollie so see;
The boys sae will play with and oft run away
with:
Between them I'm wrecked more and more;
I'm tumbled and tossed, and I'm left and I'm
loss. And my stuffing runs over the floor!

Of late I'm neglected, ill-used and dejected;
My mistress has some other crare;
I'm left to the mercy of wee brother Percy.
Who's rapidly ending my days.
Such dashings and thrashings and crashings and sinashings
I get every day for no wrong!
My clothes are all ragred, my limbs loose and jagged;
They it tear me apart before long.

Hugh Mellis, in N. Y. Independent.

BUTTERCUP.

She Visits and Causes a Disturbance in the Sunday-School.

It was a pretty church, and all about it were fields of daisies, and sweet-smelling clover. Now when Buttercup went to this church, she did not go to the regular service, but to Sunday-school. Buttercup was a large, yellow cow, who belonged in a field next to the church, in which she ought to have staid. There was plenty of nice grass there for her breakfast, dinner and supper. But Buttercup, like a good many people, wanted a change, and when she saw all the boys and girls going into the church door, she thought she would like to go. She a good many people, wanted a change, and when she saw all the boys and girls going into the church door, she thought she would like to go. She ag into the churca she would like to go. She she would like to go. She tried all the rails of the fence found one that was loose. Then she jerked her head up and down, till she unfastened it so she could crawl

unfastened it so she could crawl through on her knees.

The Sunday-school had begun by this time, but Buttercup did not mind that. She walked into the church quietly, and as the shiften and men teachers were all singing, no one noticed her at first. The children were sitting in the pews nearest the chancel, so Buttercup got half way up the aisle before any one saw her. Then one little boy turned his head. He was so frightened his hymnal fell on the floor; and he cried out: "Oh, on the floor; and he cried out: "Oh, see the cow!" Then it seemed as if every body screamed. One of the teachers got on top of the little cabinet organ, and two or three stood up on the seats.

Buttercup, however, paid no attention to them. She saw a nice red apple

Bruce Smith, follow me,"

cup!" and, sure enough, she went after significant but childlike words: "We're him. Now the vestry door was open, and

A SAD FATE. What Finally Became of a Once Stylishly-Dressed and Aristocratic Doll.

after a good run through the house. She was very much shaken, and glad of the quiet and the company of the aristocratic Japanese lady and gentleman on the side of the vase. She began

NUMBER 35.

shoved aside the curtains to open the window before she began the weekly

sweeping.

"As sure as I'm aloive, here's that baste of a doll. I wish it was burnt.

It's enough to give a body bad dhrames to look at it."
"Do you know, Molly, that Miss Midget niver cared for that doll as she did for the little one with the china head and calico dress?" said the footman.

"Do yez not know why? Shure, its because it was so dressed up there was no comfort in playing with it. She tould them she'd muss her up so that the mistress would not keep tellin' her to be exercia!"

to be careful."
"Molly, Molly, have you seen Cleopatra?" said Midget, dancing into the room, with a very plain and quict-looking doll, with a china head, on her

looking doil, with a character arm.

"Here she is, miss," said Molly, picking Cleopatra from the floor.

"I do not want her any more, Molly. She looks unpleasant. You may put her in the ash-barrel."

"I will be glad to, miss. I do not think ye loved her very much, ever, miss,"

miss."
"No, not as much I do Comfort,"
and she hugged the doll in her arms
closer to her. "When Cleopatra was
new she was so stiff and so dressed up
that she never made any fun. And
then when she got mussed ever so that she never made any fun. And then, when she got mussed ever so little, she looked old and homely. Mamma says she did not wear well. Please put her in the ash-barrel, Molly."

"To think of my being thrown aside for a doll with a china face, and who

sister?"
"Naw! She got a clean, whole

"But her's rag doll, Billy."
"I know it. But isn't a clean, whole ag doll, with the loveliest smile on its face, better'n that one with the ugiy

face, better'n that one with the ugy scowl between its eyes, and a dirty silk dress?"

barrel, where she lay until an Italian rag-picker tore off her silk dress and put the pieces in his pocket for his little girl, and ripped open the body, shook out the sawdust and put it in his hag. That was the last of Cleopatra - Christian Union.

A BOY'S BRAVERY.

How a Plucky Lad Saved Northern India

Do the lads of this generation declaim that poetical tribute to youthful heroism which extols the boy who sticking out of a boy's rocket, and she "stood on the burning deck, whence all thought she would like to have it. The but him had fled"? When we were boy, who was Jack Nicholls, did not boys there was scarcely a "declamation know what she wanted, so when she came near he jumped over into the next pew and knocked little Daisy Finlay's hat off, and that made Daisy cry.

What Buttercup would have done pext I don't know; so many people in more attractive examples of youth-

cried: "Shoo!" and there was so much ful heroism occurred at the outbreak noise, she might have got frightened of the Sepoy mutiny in 1857. Just beherself, and a frightened cow can do a herself, and a frightened cow can do a great deal of damage in a church; but Miss Lloyd, who was the superintendent, called to every one to be quiet. Then two or three of the bigger boys said if they had a stick they thought they could get her out. But Miss Lloyd spoke again:

"If there is any boy here whom the cow knows," she said, "I think she would follow him out, and that would be better than trying to drive her."

"She's my grandfather's cow," said Bruce Smith, "and I guess she will follow me," So he went in front of follow me," So he went in front of and had murdered this civilian and her and called "Buttercup, Butter that officer, and wound up with these

The boy's courage and sense of duty just opposite that was another door opening out on the grass. As soon as Buttercup caught sight of the nice grass, she ran out and began to nibble the fresh bits around the doorstep. Then, as much as to say "grood-bye." injury. The General flashed the awful Then, as much as to say "good-bye," she kicked up her feet, tossed her head and trotted off to her own field—Little Men and Women.

The General flashed the awful news to Peshawur. The Hindoostanee regiments there were also disarmed, and, though mutiness. and, though mutineers at heart, were rendered incapable of harm. Then the telegraph was cut by the rebels—but the boy at Delhi had saved Northern the boy at Delhi had saved Northern India to the British crown. The officer Cleopatra lay in the folds of the lace curtain where Topsy had dropped her Youth's Company

The following story is told of a pony: "The master, a clergyman residing talking at once.

"Well, I know I can not stand this. Just look at me! I'm a disgrace. You would not believe what a beauty I was at Christmas. My hair hung in long yellow curis, my eyes opened and closed, my cheeks were like pink roses. I had on a lovely blue sik dress, with a lace overskirt and a broad-brimmed hat. Now look at me! My hair, what little there is left of it, is a horrid tangle; my eyes are great staring glass balls, all scratched up; one arm is gone, one foot is broken, both shoes are lost, and so is my hat. Every body used to say: 'What a lovely doll!' Now I always hear: 'Ugh! take that maimed and dirty doll out of my sight.' Or: 'Say Midget'—that's the name of the little gir! that owns me—would you not better send that cripple to the hospital?' It's dreadful. If I did not think that it would make me look worse, I'd erv.'' in a lonely neighborhood, was going think that it would make me look worse, it is a larger and dangerous edition of him I'd cry."

The Japanese lady and gentleman The Japanese lady and gentleman on the flower vase made no answer to othe cottage door. Then he returned, this last remark, but they each thought that it was impossible for Cleopatra to look worse than she did.

The maid came in just then, and